

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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## CHAPTER ONE.

VAL KENTON and his sister Phillis stood in the doorway of the dull-colored house at the top of a grassy hill. It was their first day in the new home and they thought the wide stretch of farm-land all about them looked as dull as the house.

Val growled a little under his breath. "We'd better get something to do. Mother and Dad will think their fun down here is all spoiled if they see us moping around."

At this moment Clink came capering out of the open barn door.

"Hi!" he shouted, "see how it lightens 'way down there in the bushes!"

"Lightens!" scoffed Val. "Why, there isn't a cloud in the sky."

"Can't help that," retorted Clink. "You just look."

He pointed to the edge of a sheet of water which shimmered at the corner side of the field at the foot of the hill. Thick bushes grew along the margin and from these bushes there shot out now and then a blinding flash of light.

"Well, that is kind of queer," admitted Val, as he watched the flash dancing about in the thicket. "Dad, what is that water, anyway, down there across the field?"

Dr. Kenton, grubbing in the garden near by, rose up on his knees to look.

"That's Windymere—so the summer residents have named it. It's a pond, I suppose, though it's more like a river that has got lost and spilled itself around in the fields and woods. I've noticed those flashes myself and wondered what was going on down there."

Phillis had brought out the field-glass and was studying the thicket where the strange light was.

"I see something queerer than the flashes," she announced. "'Tisn't in the bushes; it's gliding along on the water just like a duck only it's tall as a man and black all over."

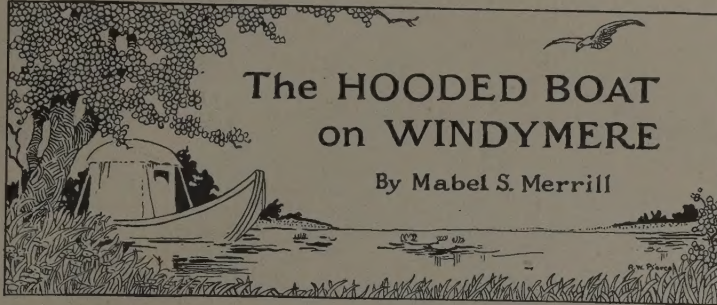
"Must be quite a sight!" Val borrowed the glass to take a long look. "I should call it a boat with a hood on. Dad, could there be smugglers on Windymere?"

Daddy Kenton laughed. "Never heard of any, but you young ones might go and see. Here's a whole day before you."

They took the hint at once, and while Mother Kenton was preparing a pile of sandwiches for their knapsacks they went hunting for Bab. Nobody had seen her for ten minutes, though she was generally chattering and dancing in the midst of whatever was going on. They found her sitting under an apple-tree by the roadside, holding in her hand an old rusty spoon full of water. A little round yellow chicken was standing on her knee to drink from the spoon.

"He's mine," cried Bab. "Sailor Joe gave him to me, standing right up straight in the bottom of a paper bag!"

Sailor Joe was their nearest neighbor, and



Clink remarked that he would like to have seen him standing in the bottom of a paper bag. "Or did you mean the chicken was in the bag? Well, stow him away somewhere and come on. We're going smuggler-hunting."

"Oh, that will be fun!" cried Bab, who had very little idea what a smuggler was. "But I can't leave Snowball. Some miserable cat would get him, as likely as not. Besides, I want him to look at, every minute."

She looked so dismal at the idea of being separated from that new pet that Val, who was always ready to humor his small sister, declared she could take him right along.

"Mother's got a covered basket just big enough to hold him; he isn't very heavy, and if Bab's willing to take all the care of him, the rest of us can't find any fault."

They went down the hill and across the field to Windymere. The flashing in the bushes had stopped now, and, though they looked carefully about, they could see nothing unusual. They stood under a big pine talking the matter over when something fell on their heads. It was a handful of twigs freshly broken from the tree. A cone followed and they looked up to see a face peering down at them from the thick boughs above. It was a boy's face overhung by a mop of rumpled hair.

As they stared up at him he shook his head, pointed away into the bushes, waved his arm, and moved his lips as though saying something very emphatic; they could not hear what it was.

"Don't you think he acts just like a smuggler?" whispered Bab. "I believe he wants us to go away, but I don't see what for."

There was no doubt that was what he wanted. As they kept on standing there he put his hand to his mouth and said as low as he could, in quite a savage tone:

"Look here, clear out, will you? What'd you want to come spoiling everything for? Go away, quick!"

He fairly hissed the last words at them, and glared at Val, who stood calmly looking up at him.

"Didn't know as you owned all the country round here, whoever you are," drawled Val. "What harm are we doing?"

"A whole lot of harm! Don't I tell you you're spoiling everything? For the love of Mike, keep still, or else get out! If you don't I'll—"

He stopped short as he looked at Phillis, who was pulling at her brother's arm.

"Don't let's fight with a smuggler up a

tree," she whispered. "What's the use? Let's go out where we can get close to the water and watch for the hooded boat."

Val was really-eager to get a look at the pond with its many small islands and the winding waterways between. So he went, with one backward look at the face up there in the darkness of the pine boughs. It glared at him steadily until they passed out of sight.

They found a sort of path leading down through the bushes on the shore and following it they came to a pretty nook on the high bank overhanging the water. Here they could see without being seen very easily, for tall ferns waved above their head when they sat down.

Nothing stirred on the silvery smoothness of the winding channel between this bank and the nearest island. A blue heron was standing motionless among the lily pads on the opposite shore; he was watching for a fish or a frog. Bab stared at that tall bird with her finger on her lip and then sat down quietly with her basket on her lap. Snowball seemed to like traveling; at least he kept quiet, except for a soft cheep now and then. The others grouped themselves around Bab and looked back to the pine where the strange boy was hidden. It was not far away, and a little beyond it was an old oak with one great dead branch stretched out like a skeleton arm.

On this arm sat a shape that made Val reach softly for the field-glass. He took a long look before he passed the glass to Phillis.

"I never expected to see one," he whispered, "though I've heard they were common enough in waterside places like this. It's a bald eagle."

They studied the great bird in silent delight, and he sat there as quiet as they were, his white head shining like silver in the sun.

"There's a chicken for you, Bab!" whispered Clink. "Say, do you suppose that's what the fellow in the pine-tree is after?"

"It would be just the place to get a good shot." Val bounced up and glared over toward the big pine. "Likely as not he's watching up there with a revolver or something."

"If he shoots that bird," muttered Clink, "he ought to be locked up!"

They listened, dreading to hear a report, but presently the beautiful bird rose up and sailed lazily away, now swinging low over the water, now soaring higher till he vanished over the tops of the trees.

Bab jumped up, laughing. "Well, the smuggler didn't get him that time and I'm glad."

She had forgotten her basket when she jumped up in that careless fashion. Away it went with a jerk and, spinning down the bank, struck a rock and bounced out into the water. It landed right side up and sailed away as briskly as a toy canoe. There was some current in this narrow channel.

"Oh, oh, Snowball will drown! The water

will soak right into the basket and he can't swim," cried Bab.

They stood staring at the basket, and Val was just considering whether to plunge after it when something glided past their hiding-place like a shadow on the water. It was the thing Val had called a boat with a hood on, but it looked more like a black cloth tent moving along up the channel. As it vanished without a sound round a curve of the bank above they found that the little floating basket had disappeared too.

(To be continued.)

## A Song of the Little People.

BY HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON.

MOON comes stealing up the sky,  
Round and yellow-green;  
And underneath the oak-tree high,  
The Little Folk are seen:  
Elfmen and pixies droll,  
Dressed in red and blue;  
And if you'd been upon the knoll,  
You'd have seen them, too!

Gaffer Taylor used to sneer  
At Little People's power:  
Every day for half a year,  
His Brindle's milk turned sour!  
Brownies and leprechaun,  
Weaving in and out;  
And if you'd been upon the lawn,  
You'd have seen the rout!

Dame Carey left a dish of whey  
By the stoop each night:  
The Little People turned her hay  
And kept her kettles bright.  
Gnomes and fairies in the glen,  
When the moon is high:  
And if you love the little men,  
You'll see them, as have I!

## How Ellen's Wish Came True.

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX

IN a little brown house in the country there lived four small girls named Ellen, Sally, Nan, and Dora Randolph. Ellen and Sally belonged in the house, because they were born there; Nan and Dora were visiting cousins whose father and mother were away. These four little girls were about the same age and nearly the same size. After supper when they stood in their little white nighties ready to say their prayers they looked as much alike as four peas in a pod; even when they were out at play their Grandma Randolph sometimes could not tell which was which.

One day before Nan and Dora had lived many weeks with their cousins, Nan ran laughing in the house to tell her Aunt Nan that the new tin-peddler would like to ask her a question.

"If you please, ma'am," said the new tin-peddler, lifting his hat most respectfully when Mrs. Randolph came to the door, "if you please, and you don't mind telling me so I can tell my wife, two is twins and three is triplets—but what do you call four like these here of yours?"

Mrs. Randolph looked at the children and laughed. "Sir," said she, "I call them a houseful!" After that the good woman went back to her churning as if the matter were settled, while the children explained.

Possibly books and books might be written about the doings of that houseful of little girls while they lived together under the green roof

of the brown house. This story is about Ellen's wish.

It was Ellen who first spied the fairy-ring under the apple-tree west of the house; so, as it was her turn to think up a game anyway, here is what she decided when she found the pretty circle of bright green grass:

"Here is a new fairy-ring, cousins and sister," said she, meaning to be funny. "Now, if you please, we will stand on the grass around it and join hands. Put down the flowers for a minute, Nan, because I tell you this is a new game and we must all join hands. Maybe I better tell you the game first, because the more I think about it, the more I think we ought not to speak, not even to explain things, after the game begins.

"While we are standing around the fairy-ring like this, with our hands joined, we must every one of us think up a wish, and not tell what the wish is. Then we must go in the house and hunt up four little pieces of paper and a lead-pencil; more than one lead-pencil would be better if we could find it, but that would be expecting too much. And then we must write our wishes on the papers, and find stones, flat ones, and come out here and put our wishes under the stones inside the fairy-ring. And we must not say a word from the time we think up our wishes standing like this in a circle until after we put them under the stones. All in favor say—'Aye!'"

"Aye!" was the chorus that startled Mother Robin so she called Father Robin to see if anything was wrong. Even the blue jays were startled.

"And when do we tell our wishes?" Dora inquired.

"At that time in the afternoon," Ellen replied, "when the sun is on a straight line with the hollow fence-post in the pasture where the bluebird has her nest, we will come here and bow down, lift the stones and read our wishes, and see whose wishes come true!"

"Fair lady," Sally observed, as she did her best to mimic Ellen's tones, "it shall be done!"

"It shall be done!" agreed Nan and Dora, bowing so low they lost their sunbonnets. "All stand in a circle around the ring," commanded Ellen. "It is wishing-time!"

Thus the fun began. Ellen by a nod of her head quickly told the others that she had thought of her wish. Sally straightway nodded her head and Dora also; but Nan kept shaking her head and gazing around the trees and digging her bare toes in the grass as if it were impossible for her to think of anything to wish for, until the four were so amused they were soon going through all sorts of queer motions while trying not to laugh aloud. At last Nan, too, bobbed her head and away ran the four to the house.

Mrs. Randolph and Grandma Randolph were accustomed to the many performances of the four little girls, but that morning was the first time they ever beheld dumb little girls giggling and making curious motions as they searched for something on the tables, in the drawers, and on the bookcases. Finally paper and a lead-pencil were found, and then the four, still dumb and giggling, and making funny motions, each wrote something and then ran back to the fairy-ring. After the four slips of paper were solemnly placed under four stones, the children went hunting hen's eggs and played that it was an adventure. Soon Nan, Dora, and Sally had forgotten the new game, but Ellen kept thinking of her wish and the longer she thought of it the more unhappy she became.

"I have wished a wish that can never come true!" she told the speckled hen, and

the hen acted surprised; she said "Cut-cut-cut!" and stepped high, turning her head first on one side, then on the other.

"Since you are so interested, old lady," Ellen continued, still talking to the speckled hen, "I may as well tell you there is no more chance for me to get my wish than there was a chance for the 'miller's fair daughter' to spin straw into gold!"

At that moment three little girls called: "Ellen! Ellen! Ellen! Come! Hurry!" And Dora added: "An automobile has broken down by the four corners! Let's go and look through the fence!"

Like swift-footed deer the children ran to the end of the pasture, where they climbed the fence to see whatever might happen. A man was trying to find out what was wrong with his automobile, which seemed to be a new one, while a little girl in a straight blue gingham dress and black patent-leather belt stood beside him in the road looking on. The man worked possibly ten minutes before he spoke to the little girls on the fence; then he lifted his hat, smiled, and said,

"Do you live in the rose-garden, children?" The four forgot their manners and stared.

"I mean, do you live in yonder little brown house," said the man, "the house that is almost hidden from sight here by climbing roses."

Straightway the four smiled, nodded their heads, while Ellen answered that the little brown house was their home.

"Has your father a telephone?"

"No, sir," Sally answered, "but Mr. Adams has one and he lives only half a mile down that way!"

"Then may I ask a favor of you?" the man went on. "I wonder if you will let my little girl stay with you while I telephone for a man to come out from town to repair my machine?"

Joy beamed from their faces as Ellen, Sally, Nan, and Dora climbed the fence into the road to reach their eight hands toward the stranger. The little girl straightway slipped one wee soft hand into the tanned warm hand of Ellen on one side and the warm brown hand of Dora on the other; and her father, walking rapidly toward Mr. Adams's house, smiled as he saw the five children passing through the gate leading to the rose-covered brown house.

That was a happy day for the five children, a delightful day, not soon forgotten. Late in the afternoon, long after the chug-chug of the stranger's automobile was no longer heard near the little brown house, Nan began to dance and sing,

"It is time to tell our wishes,  
It is time to tell our wishes,  
And I did get mine!"

"Nan shall tell hers first," said Ellen, as eight bare feet touched the fairy-ring at the hour when the sun was on a level with the bluebird's nest in the fence-post.

"I wished for company to come to dinner, and it came! Aunt Nan said, 'You must stay to dinner with us,' and the man and the little girl did stay and we had a beautiful time!" Nan straightway gave a little hop and a skip.

"Dance not yet for joy!" chided Ellen, in tragic tones. "There shall be no dancing around this ring to-night if there be but one lost wish. Dora, methinks it is your turn!"

"I wished for what we got!" Dora fairly squealed. "A bag of oranges, and we got it, we got it! Imagine how I felt when the man gave us that bag of oranges they brought from the city!"

"Sarah Jane, proceed!" was Ellen's next command.

"I wished for an automobile ride—for all of us; and the man took us for a long drive!" Sally exclaimed, and she danced straight up and down regardless of the rules of the game.

"But my wish was foolish," said Ellen; "we couldn't expect to get it! I wished that we were rich!" Suddenly Ellen made a round O of her mouth, and then she whirled around and around, and bowed and clapped her hands and danced, and sang joyfully,

"Now we dance around our circle,  
Now we dance around our circle,  
Now we dance around our circle,  
Because I, too, have my wish, my wish!"

"If you are so rich, where is your money?" Sally demanded. "Where do you keep your bags of gold?"

"There is more than one way to be rich," Ellen explained, standing still and talking soberly. "Didn't that little Mildred girl say she never saw a robin's nest before, and she never saw a robin's blue eggs before, either! Didn't she say that never before did she see a little mother song-sparrow with her little low nest and her little speckled eggs in it! Didn't she say that she never saw before a little chipping-sparrow's nest lined with horse-hair, with wee blue eggs in it? And didn't she say that she never saw anything in any city store so lovely as our bluebird's blue back? And didn't she want to buy the bluebird's nest, post and all? Money can't buy a bluebird's nest with the mother bird sitting on the eggs! It can't be done, it can't be done! And what did she tell us about our wild-flowers?"

"I tell you, cousins and one sister, we are rich, and I got my wish for us because we had it all the time! So let us dance and skip and sing, because it is the end of a jolly game."

So they danced and skipped and sang until Mrs. Randolph called the four to help get supper. When Grandma heard about Ellen's wish when Nan was putting plates on the table, she looked pleased.

"I am so glad," she said, "that our Ellen is such a wise little child! Many boys and girls have all they could wish for all their lives, and never find it out!"

### Uncle Si's Sermon.

ABOUT THE LITTLE CHAP WHO HAD THE ONERY FEELING IN HIS STUMMICK.

BY HEWES LANCASTER.

HONEY, I'se gwine tell you er-bout what-all happened to a little chap on a powerful hot day. Hit was jest turrible hot, and de Lord God was er-looking down on de yearth to see how His people dar was er-standing de wedder, and He seed how some on 'em was er-fanning wid der hats and some on em er-setting in de shade, and how all on 'em was er-sweating, and den all to once He seed a little chap jest er-working away out dar in dat briling sun; his little face was as red as a beet and de sweat was er-running down hit, but dat little chap nebber let up for not'in. And when de Lord God had considered de matter for a spell He summoned His holy angel and told her to go down dar and see what-all dat little chap was so sot on doing.

De angel drew nigh, but de little chap was so hard at work he didn't take no notice and she had a fair chance to spy out what he was up to. 'Twasn't much to see, honey. Dat little chap was jest pulling de grass and weeds outen de sweet-tater patch and spreading hit for de sun to kill,—up one row and down ernudder, nebber stopping to rest his back,—up one row and down ernudder, de sweat er-dripping off'n his face and er-soaking into



MUSHROOMS

### Treasure.

BY ELEANOR HAMMOND.

OUT across the pasture field  
In the early sun I go,  
Hunting there for treasures  
Where the mushrooms grow.

Pirate gold holds no more thrill  
Than my treasures from this hill.

White and round, with pink below,  
All the fairy mushrooms grow.

Here among the silver dew  
Back and forth I pass,  
Picking fairy mushrooms  
From the short green grass.

his shirt. De angel looked ober to de shade whar a bunch of boys was shootin' marbles, and she looked at de little chap workin' away dar so cheerful, and seem like she couldn't keep silent no longer, so she spake, saying:

"Hail, sonny!"

De little chap raised hisself den and lift his cap and says:

"Good-day, m'am."

"Good-day," says de angel. "What-all am you up to?"

"I'se jest doing what I'se got to do," says de little chap, polite and cheerful.

"Hit's a tough job you got," 'lowed de angel. "How-come you'se got hit to do?"

"I don't know, m'am, how-comes I'se got hit to do. 'Pears like I'se jest naturally got to do hit."

"Wouldn't you rudder be ober dar in de shade playing marbles wid dem yudder boys?" axed de angel.

De little chap shuk his head.

"No, m'am; I don't want to go ober dar twell I gits t'rough doing what I'se got to do."

"Why don't you?" axed de angel.

De little chap looked shamed—'pears like he couldn't say nary a word. Jest had to stand dar looking shamed.

Dat pleased de angel mightily, 'cause de chile dat an angel loves above all udder children is de chile dat ain't peart nor cheeky.

"Come on, sonny," she says coaxing and kind-like, "come on and tell yo' friend how-comes you don't want to play none twell you done yo' job."

De little chap looked more shamed dan ebber. He twist his cap round in his hand and he say:

"I don't like it."

"What is hit you don't like?" coaxed de

angel, and she was so powerful kind de little chap jest lift his head and tell her all erbout hit:

"I don't likes to play, lady, twell I'se done my job, 'cause if I does I gets dat onery feeling in my stummick."

"Dat's hit," said de angel, and seemed like she was plumb pleased, "dat's hit! Dat's jest how hit usea to be wid me. Whenso-ebber I quit doing what I had to do I allus had dat onery feeling in my stummick."

"Did you, for sho!"

Honey, dat little chap was so 'sprized he forgot his manners and stood dar staring at de lovely lady wid de shinin' close.

"Yes," said de angel, all smiling and nice, "dat's jest how it use to be wid me."

"Wid dem beautiful wings?" says de little chap.

"I didn't hab no beautiful wings den," said de angel, "but I found out atter a while— Sonny, let me tell you somep'n. When you gits dat onery feeling in yo' stummick hits a sure sign dat de wings is gittin' ready to grow."

"Is dat er fact?" 'sclaimed de little chap. "Yes," said de angel, "dat's er fact. Now I'se got to go back to de Lord God Who sent me, but jest you keep on, sonny, nice and cheerful dis-er way, doing what-all you'se get to do. Hit's er rough road to trabbel sometimes, but sho's you born hit's de road dats gwine take you straight to de shinin' gate."

They'll come again to the apple-tree,  
Robin and all the rest,  
When the orchard branches are fair to see  
In the snow of the blossoms dressed,  
And the prettiest thing in the world will be  
The building of the nest.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



# THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

10 GROVE AVENUE,  
SANFORD, ME.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am thirteen and I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Reid. The minister's name is Rev. G. Pratt.

I enjoy the Beacon Club very much. I cannot figure out all the enigmas, but I like the stories very much and I also save my *Beacon* papers.

In Sunday school we are studying the book called "Heroic Lives" and it is very interesting. I am sure all the Sunday-school girls like *The Beacon* and also like to write letters to you for the Club.

Yours truly,

DORIS MACFARLANE.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am going to tell you about our Auto Race. It was purchased from the Sunday School Specialty Co., 275 West California St., Pasadena, Calif. It is a sheet of heavy paper, about twenty feet long and two feet wide, and on it are the cities from coast to coast, from San Francisco to New York. Each class selects an auto and for each point gained we go ahead one mile. For instance, an increase in collection gives five points, a new member counts ten, banner class ten, promptness five; a decrease of collection puts you back five, but if one or more persons are absent we do not go ahead or back. At the close of Sunday school the classes gather around the race-track; as each car's name is called, some member of the class goes forward and pins the little cardboard automobile on the track as many miles ahead as the class has gone. The class

first reaching Reno is given a party by the teacher. Our car is a Hudson Super-Six, and we reach Reno to-day. We are ahead of all the other classes. Mrs. Bond, our Sunday-school teacher, is to give us a party on St. Patrick's Day. It is to be an all-day party.

The girls in our class are in the eighth and ninth grades. Our minister is Rev. Charles E. Snyder.

Your interested member,

BERNICE BUSH,  
Class Secretary.

(The Editor is grateful for this prompt response to her suggestion that we should like to know more about this "purchased automobile race.")

47 LAWRENCE STREET,  
DANVERS, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like very much to be a member of the Beacon Club and wear its button.

I am ten years old and in the seventh grade of Maple Street School.

I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. Our class has not a regular teacher but just now we are having Mrs. Bates. Our minister used to be Rev. Edward Cotton but he has left and we have a different one every Sunday. I have been every Sunday since I started. I love to read *The Beacon*, especially the letter and recreation corners. I have one brother and two sisters who also go to the same Sunday school.

From a friend unknown,  
FLORENCE CANN.

In Massachusetts, our list of new members is as follows: Gertrude Demars, Athol; Ruth B. Loring, Barnstable; Bradford Gale, Clinton; Julia Bygrave, Concord; Alice Whiteside, Dorchester; Doris I. Marsden, Fall River; Vernon Woodworth, Framingham; Rachel Deland, Jamaica Plain.

## The Imp and the Movies Speak.

BY MARY LOUISE STETSON.

THE imp was certainly lurking somewhere about the Harlow sitting-room that afternoon while mother was at the club. Neither Jane nor Frank could see him, but they could hear him as distinctly as could be, although neither would admit it was the imp that was speaking.

"I think it's just too mean for anything," pouted Jane, as she listlessly arranged her bow before the long mirror. "Nell's going, and Julia and Marjory, and everybody else except just me."

"And me," added Frank, resenting his sister's forgetfulness of her companion in misery. "It's my own money, anyhow. And I'm going."

Jane gasped. "Why, Frank Harlow, you know what mother said! Not again this week."

"Well," hesitated Frank, "maybe she just meant she'd rather we wouldn't go again this week, and maybe she didn't know about the pictures coming to-day."

"She said, 'Children, you are not to go to the movies again this week,'" remembered Jane, but the few coins still remaining in Frank's tin bank were dancing about so noisily that Frank couldn't hear very well.

"Begins in ten minutes," he warned, glancing at the clock. "It spoils all the fun if a feller's late."

"I think mother'd rather you'd go with me than with that horrid Joseph McCann or any of those other boys," reasoned Jane.

And that naughty imp must have chuckled

with glee as a hat was plunked on over the freshly arranged bow and a cap snatched from a hook in the hall as a girl and a boy sped past.

Those were wonderful pictures. Such mountains and trees and rivers! And the heroine! What a pity that just an ordinary little girl like Jane couldn't have such curls! There were shootings, too, and tumbles from high cliffs, and a bank robbery as real as life. The sister and brother enjoyed themselves so hard that when the advertisements were thrown upon the screen, they were glad to settle back in their seats and rest a while.

But suddenly their backs stiffened and their eyes came nearer to popping right out of their heads than they had ever done before during all the movie pictures they had seen.

JANE AND FRANK HARLOW  
ARE WANTED HOME AT ONCE  
BY THEIR MOTHER.

Right on the screen, too, where everybody could read! In the darkness a girl and a boy up in the balcony felt the color rush into their cheeks as a titter ran over the well-filled house and Joseph McCann's voice was heard in a prolonged "Gee-e-e!"

Jane Harlow had appeared on the screen as truly as the heroine of the curls and Frank Harlow as truly as the man who did the shooting, but those who noticed the girl and the boy, who, with blushing cheeks and downcast eyes, tiptoed away from the theater, must have guessed that not always do fame and pride go hand in hand.

## RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LXIII.

I am composed of 21 letters.  
My 20, 12, 11, 5, is the longest river in Egypt.  
My 6, 12, 20, 5, is a number.  
My 14, 2, 9, 13, is what rheumatism makes you.  
My 1, 10, 4, is a wrong way of settling difficulties between nations.  
My 21, 13, 8, 17, is an important part of an automobile.  
My 15, 19, 18, 5, is part of an animal.  
My 15, 16, 3, 18, is what stone is.  
My whole is the name of a prominent man in the United States.

ELEANOR FOOTE AND HERMINA KAHN.

ENIGMA LXIV.

I am composed of 9 letters.  
My 4, 5, 6, 7, 2, is a fruit.  
My 1, 3, is a command.  
My 9, 2, is a word which means you.  
My 8, 2, is a pronoun.  
My whole is a study.

J. P.

WORD SQUARE.

1. Dry.
2. What we do in a carriage.
3. Unemployed.
4. An animal.

ETHEL S. WILLIAMS.

PI

ESe thaw a olvley lhlse,  
mSlla dan upre sa a arepl,  
ngily solee ot ym otot,  
airf, btu a krow videni.  
Meda os ilyfair lelwl,  
thWi cateled pirse nad horlw.  
woH quieslylte nimtuel  
A racelin fo sdegni.

Sunday School Advocate.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 28.

ENIGMA LVIII.—*The Literary Digest*.

ENIGMA LIX.—Tom Sawyer.

ENIGMA LX.—Massachusetts.

ACROSTIC.—Toad  
Her  
Every  
Bee  
East  
Aunt  
Can  
Old  
Number  
Puppy  
Used  
Zero  
Zigzag  
Little  
Easter  
Samson

The Beacon Puzzles.

## THE BEACON

FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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